

THE  
STURDY BEGGARS.

A New BALLAD

OPERA.

Humbly Dedicated to

The Right Honourable, and Right Worshipful, the  
LORD-MAYOR; To the Worshipful Court of  
Aldermen, and Court of Common-Council; and  
the Worthy MERCHANTS and CITIZENS  
of LONDON.

---

The Growth of *France*, or *Spain*, *Port* Wine,  
To foreign Schemes the Statesman's head incline;  
The num'rous Treaties, *sign'd*, disturb his Sleep,  
And *half-form'd Projects* round his Cranium creep.  
Shining in Senate now, with Smile serene,  
The *True-born Englishman* in Face and Mein,  
Slow rises from his Seat: Sublime, sedate  
He, rising, seems the *Pillar of the State*.  
Then hear him, hear him, strains the Members  
Throats,  
And the YEA's lose it, tho' they have *Most Votes*.

GRUB-STREET JOURNAL.  
*Mutantur Mutanda.*

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L O N D O N :

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DATE

Q. P. E. R. A.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN CITIZENS

THE GOSPEL OF JOHN, CHAPTER 1, VERSE 1.





TO

*The Right Honourable, and  
Right Worshipful, the LORD  
MAYOR ; To the Worship-  
ful Court of Aldermen, and  
Court of Common-Council ;  
and the Worthy Merchants  
and Citizens of London.*

My LORD, and GENTLEMEN,



HE bold, the  
brave, and the  
seasonable Oppo-  
sition you made  
to a late Project, demands  
the highest Encomium ; an

A 2

*Enco-*

iv DEDICATION.

*Encomium* that ought to be writ IN LETTERS OF GOLD, and transmitted to latest Posterity. The Courage and Loyalty of the *Citizens* of LONDON, shine with Lustre in the Annals of our Monarchs; and though the Historians, Foreigners and Natives, make honourable Mention of them, yet they fall short in their Commendation of a brave People, who have merited so well.

ANIMATED by your Example, other Cities, Towns Corporate, and Burroughs, exerted themselves in a laudable Manner; and as this great Metropolis, the *Emporium*

# D E D I C A T I O N. V

*rium* of the *Universe*, does always lead the Way, it is equally reasonable and prudent, that those of an *inferior Class* should steer the same Course. Your Zeal inspired our *Patriots* Hearts with an *uncommon Warmth*, to stand up in the Defence of our LIBERTIES and PROPERTIES, which we purchased with the Effusion of an Ocean of Blood, and immense Treasure; and it had another *Good Effect*, viz. to open the Eyes of Many who had been unwarily deluded by the Specious Pretences of the reputed Projector: I say, the reputed Projector; for, give me



vi DEDICATION.

me Leave to assure you, that though a certain *Great Man*, who has since *taken Shame to himself*, gloried in acknowledging the ill-shap'd Monster to be his *Own Production*; yet the *real Father* (*Proh dolor!*) is an *unworthy Citizen*. We are indebted to you, and our other *worthy Patriots*, for the Preservation of that grand Privilege of *Tryals per pais*, by our Country, that is, by JURIES, which seems to be as ancient as the Government, or first Form of Policy, in this Island; for it was not unknown to the ancient *Britons*, as appears by their Books and Monuments  
of

DEDICATION. vii

of Antiquity: It was practic'd by the *Saxons* \*, and confirm'd, since the Invasion of the *Normans*, by *Magna Charta*, and is a Thing of the *highest Moment*, and an *essential Felicity* to all *British* Subjects. Permit me, therefore, for the Sake of those who are unacquainted with the Advantage and Conveniences we receive from *Juries*, to say something on that Head, which shall be brief, and yet conspicuous.

As *Judges* are made by Prerogative, and many have heretofore been preferr'd by *corrupt Ministers of State*, and may be so again in Time to

\* See King *Ethelred's* Laws in *Lambert*, p. 218, and *Coke* 1st Part Just. p. 155.

come,

viii DEDICATION.

come, and such advanced as would serve a *present Turn*, not always those of the most Integrity and Skill in Law; as their Places are so honourable and profitable, that they lie under no *small Temptations*; as they cannot be challenged, and may be apt to think themselves above any Action, so from thence they may be encouraged to strain a Point according to the Dictates and Insinuations of their Patrons. These Things may possibly happen to bias some Judges (for I intend not the least Reflection hereby on those *Honourable Persons* who now sit upon the Seats of Justice) but  
nothing



# DEDICATION. ix

nothing of that Kind can reasonably happen to a *Jury*: For they must be Men of a *clear Reputation*, and *competent Estates*; they may know something of the Business on their own Knowledge; their Office is but a Trouble, not accompanied with any *great Honour*, nor any *Profit*; they are all *Sworn* to each *particular Cause*; and, *Lastly*, if they give a *corrupt Verdict* between Party and Party, they are liable to an *Attaint*.

Now let any Man of Sense consider whether this Method be not more proper for *bolting* out the Truth, for finding out the *Guilty*,

B

and

X DEDICATION.

and preserving the *Innocent*, than if the whole Decision were left to the Examination of two or three, whose *Intrest*, *Passion*, *Haste*, and *Multiplicity* of Business may easily betray them into Error.

D E S E R V E D L Y, therefore, is this Tryal by Juries rank'd among the choicest of our Fundamental Laws, and whoever shall go about openly to *suppress* them, or craftily *undermine* them, does, *ipso Facto*, bring in *Arbitrary Power*, and is an *Enemy* and *Traytor* to his Country; for which Reason *English Parliaments* have all along been most zealous for preserving  
this

DEDICATION. xi

this great Jewel of Liberty, *Tryals by Juries*; having no less than *Fifty-Eight* several times, since the *Norman* Invasion, been establish'd and confirm'd by the Legislative Power, no one Privilege besides having been near so often remember'd in Parliament.

I TRUST to your Goodness to pardon this Digression, and I have Reason to expect it, because you will allow it to be one that is *absolutely necessary*. I have nothing more to add, than to entreat you to take this *Opera* under your Protection, which was writ in Haste, but with an honest Intention; and to



xii DEDICATION.

make some Attonement for  
the many Errors in it, I have  
introduc'd the Original Bal-  
lad, call'd, *The London Mer-  
chants Triumphant: Or, Sturdy  
Beggars are brave Fellows.*

I am, My LORD, and Gentlemen,

With the most profound Respect,

Your most Humble,

And most Obedient Servant,

CIVICUS.

D R A-

PERSONAL

WOMEN

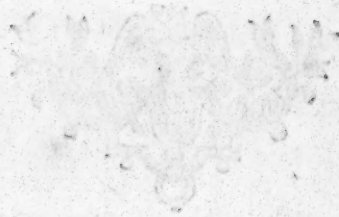
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5. Mrs. [Name] [Address] [City] [State] [Zip]



# P E R S O N Æ.

## W O M E N.

Lady STEDDY { Married to Sir *William Steddy*,  
Virtuous, Beautiful, and  
Witty.

Mrs. WRONGHEAD { An Upstart, descended  
from foreign Parents, domineers over her Husband, boasts her Pedegree, and intrigues with *Fainwell*.

Mrs. SIMPLETON { A Woman given to Drinking, hates her Husband, & intrigues with *Dorimant*.

Mrs. SCAMMONY, intrigues with *Lovemore*.

LUCY, { Mrs. *Simpleton*'s Maid and Confident;  
in Love with *Robin*.

PRATTLE, { Mrs. *Scammony*'s Maid, whom she intrusts with her Secrets.



T H E





THE  
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A New BALLAD  
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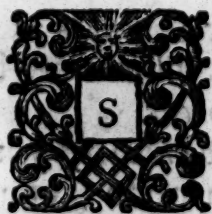
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ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Room in Sir Simon's House.*

*Sir Simon and Scammony, sitting at a Table.*

*Scam.*



SUCCESS has hitherto  
our Project crown'd, and  
if this Day we can our  
Point obtain, a Victory  
must consequently follow;  
but you best know, Sir *Simon*, whether we in  
Number are superior to our Foes.

Sir *Sim.* I can assure you, Mr. *Scammony*, that  
I have a considerable Majority on my Side but  
I must tell you, Sir, you grow too familiar with  
your

your Betters; you talk as if we were upon a Level with each other, but if you expect my Favour, you must shew me more Respect not only in your Words, but likewise in your Actions: Methinks, you have a consummate Assurance to call the Project *Ours*; it might, perhaps, have been Originally yours, tho' I am apt to think your Head was not turn'd for Politicks, but when I began to peruse it, I soon perceiv'd it was a rude, indigested Piece, and it cost me many a long Night's Study, to put it into Method and Form: And I will venture to say, that the Modifications of it are so numerous, that if you were to read it, you could not discover any Resemblance of what you put into my Hands, except it were by some of its coarsest Features.

*Scam.* I humbly ask your Worship's Pardon, I did not intend to take the Glory of it to myself.

*Sir Sim.* Worship! look you, Sir, each pauntry Citizen, who is dub'd a Knight, is call'd his Worship; but sure a Person in my Station may claim a higher Title, when People make their Addresses to him: Pr'ythee, *Scammony*, learn for the future to speak in a more polite Manner.

*Scam.* Your Advice, *Sir Simon*, is as necessary as it is seasonable, and I will use my best Endeavour to please your Honour.

*Sir Sim.* I profess Mr. *Scammony*, you are a Person of a quick Apprehension; you have a lively Genius, and in a little Time you will speak so elegantly, that they who do not know you, will conclude you have been bred at Court. — But to the Purpose. How do the Fellows



Fellows in the City relish my Project? I hope we have many Partizans among 'em.

*Scam.* Not any I am afraid, except those who have Employments. The Citizens are as mad, I think, as most of the other trading Part of the Kingdom.

*Sir Sim.* I suppose you mean *Horn-mad*, which is the common Fate of a Cit.

*Scam.* I believe there are too many, who have Reason to complain of the modish Way of Ingrafting, but as I am in Duty bound not to conceal any Thing from my Patron and Benefactor, give me leave to acquaint your Honour, that not only the Traders, who are more immediate'y affected by this Project, but the whole Body of the City are resolutely determin'd to oppose it: And in order to accomplish their Design, they will come this very Day, and petition against it.

*Sir Sim.* Let 'em carry themselves very upright in what they do, otherwise they will have Cause to repent their Male-behaviour: If they bring themselves under the *Riot Act*, they must expect to suffer as the Law directs; the Civil Power will be ready to quiet 'em, and if that fails, the Military will be at Hand to do 'em Justice.

*Scam.* I hope, Sir, that Matters will not be brought to such a Length.

*Sir Sim.* They are Purse-proud, and their Haughtiness proceeds from the Immensity of their Wealth; it is therefore an Act of Prudence to curb their Insolence before it proceeds to too great a Height. If their Pinions are not clip'd in time, they will soar so high, that they will be out of my Reach.—Shall a Pack of Mechanics



nicks dare to petition against my Project ? I will humble them, or perish in the Attempt.

A I R I. Thro' all the Employments of Life.

*If you, when invested with Pow'r,  
Are willing your Foes to subdue,  
Your Vengeance upon 'em then show'r,  
And crush the whole rascally Crew.*

*But if you permit 'em to rise,  
And don't put a Spoke in their Wheel,  
They'll take you one Day by Surprize ;  
Th' Effect of their Anger you'll feel.*

*Be careful their Purses to drain,  
And let 'em eat nothing that's nice ;  
And, lest they grow saucy again,  
Still keep 'em as poor as Church-Mice.*

*Scam.* I beg your Honour to recollect yourself ; you will not surely call the Mercantile Part of the Nation Mechanicks !

*Sir Sim.* Why not, Sir ? Are not all Tradesmen Mechanicks ? And are not all Merchants Tradesmen ?

*Scam.* Truly, Sir *Simon*, I do not understand Logick ; but I am sure that most of our Merchants are descended from ancient Families, who had as rich Blood in their Veins, as any private Gentleman now living ; and therefore, in my humble Opinion, they have a Right to be called Gentlemen, and cannot be included in the Number of Mechanicks.

Sir

Sir *Sim*. You are mistaken, Sir; for if he, who is a Gentleman by Birth, be put out an Apprentice to any Trade, he forfeits his Title, nor can it be reasum'd by any of his Heirs, but those who can prove that their Ancestors have not been Tradesmen for two Generations.

*Scam*. I am convinced, because I have it from your Honour.

A I R II. Pinks and Lillies.

*If this then be the Case, Sir,  
How many cou'd I show,  
Whom Titles now do grace, Sir,  
Whose Births were mean and low?*

*This Maxim, so unkind then,  
If we do rightly scan,  
How often may we find then,  
A Knight no Gentleman?*

But, Sir *Simmon*, consider how numerous our Merchants are, and if they should grow unruly and headstrong, Danger may ensue.

Sir *Sim*. I look upon them in the same Light I have represented them, and therefore they must be bridled and saddled, and rid off of their Mettle.

*Scam*. But what Condition would their Rider be in, if they run away with him, or throw him off of the Saddle?

Sir *Sim*. He that understands how to Sit a Horse, is in no Danger of being fung off; and if he has not Judgment or Strength enough to rein him in, he must then whip and spur, 'till

C

he

he has run him out of Breath. This Method will soon tame him.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Mr. Justice *Mittimus* is come to wait upon your Honour.

*Sir Sim.* Shew him into the Parlour, and tell him, I will come presently. [*Exit Serv.*] — Hark you, Mr. *Scammony*, if I mistake not, you have a Country-seat in *Middlesex*; I must fix you in the Commission of the Peace, you may be serviceable to us in that Station.

*Scam.* Nothing shall be wanting on my Part, in which I can be the Instrument of doing any Thing that is advantageous to you: But I hope your Honour will not press me to take that Burthen upon me, which I have not Strength to bear.

*Sir Sim.* All the Excuses you can make, will signify nothing: Therefore I expect your Compliance, since I know you are better qualified than many, who have made a Trade of their Office. — I must leave you a-while, but will return as soon as possible. [*Exit Sir Simon.*]

*Scam.* I quitted a reputable Trade, and now must follow another that is rendered odious by the Male-practice of some who ought to have executed the Trust, that was reposed in them, *gratis* and without Partiality; if I refuse to accept the Offer, I may lose my Place, which is worth a *Thousand Pounds* a Year. *The least Evil is always to be prefer'd.*

A I R



A I R III. The Hay-makers.

*In this degen'rate Age there's nought  
Done without ready Rhino ;  
Men's Souls and Consciences are bought  
By Jure non Divino :*

*Since Brib'ry's then so much in Vogue,  
And thrives in ev'ry Nation,  
Why shou'd not I commence a Rogue,  
And not be out 'oth' Fashion ?*

*Re-enter the Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir *Simon* gives his Service to you, Mr. *Scammony*, and desires to see you at *Westminster*.

*Scam.* Present my humble Service, and let him know I will attend his Honour. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, A Parlour.

*Sir Simon and Justice Mitimus rise from their Chairs.*

*Sir Sim.* You say, Mr. *Mittimus*, that every Thing will be in Readiness.

*Mittim.* Yes, Sir ; for I assure you that all the Constables and Beadles have Orders to attend, and a private Bench of Justices will meet at an adjacent Tavern, and we have issued our Warrents to the Informers, to apprehend every Person, who shall insult your Honour, or offer Violence to any one who is on your Side ; and we have agreed to commit every such Person, without Bail or Main-prize.

*Sir Sim.* You have taken a very prudent Step, and I commend your Zeal. — There will

be warm Work to day, but I will use my utmost Endeavour to put Life into my Project. — Time is on the Wing, [*takes out his Watch*] and I must prepare to go.

*Mittim.* I am your Honour's most humble  
Servant. [Exit.]

*Sir Sim.* A sudden Damp has se'z'd upon my Spirits, and my whole Mass of Blood runs chill within my Veins; my flutt'ring Heart, ill Omen! presages some Disaster to me. What can it be? or to what can I attribute it? Last Night, methought, my Father stood before me; pale was his Countenance, his Visage thin, and with a hollow Voice he said, *Simon*, be circumspect, or e're To-morrow's Sun shall run its Course, thou wilt have Cause to curse the Day wherein thou didst undertake what is now the Object of thy Wishes: Then shaking thrice his awful Head, whole Eye-balls seem'd to glow with Fire, he vanish'd. This now does make a deep Impression on my Mind, and strikes me with a panick Fear.

A I R IV. Chevy Chase.

*When Hamlet saw his Father's Ghost,  
His Heart was not dismay'd;  
And when to him that Ghost did speak,  
The Prince was not afraid.*

*What tho' my sudden Death's decreed,  
Why shou'd I tim'rous be?  
For who can, when the Hour is come,  
Avoid his Destiny?*

Let what will betide me, I must follow the  
Business

Business of the Day, or my Reputation's lost  
for ever. [Exit.]

S C E N E, *A Tavern.*

Thickhead and Numscul, with a Bottle of  
*Wine before 'em.*

*Thick.* This is the Day of important Business, which when effected, will hold the Merchants Noses to the Grindstone; you will have the Advantage of publishing your Letter on the Subject some Days sooner than my Paper can come into the World; but I have a Thought in my Head that will cut down every Thing you have writ upon that Subject.

*Num.* I am glad to hear it, for I intended to advise you, as a Friend, to learn to *think*, before you begin to *write* for the future; the Caution is necessary, and I assure you that the Thought, which you mention to be in Embryo, does not give me any Uneasiness. *Ex quovis Ligno non fit Mercurius*; a Blockhead may draw his Pen, but he can do no Service to the Cause he espouses.

*Thick.* Ha, ha, ha! 'Tis as impossible to work an Alteration in you, as to make a Country Wench of Eighteen, change her awkward hobling Gait. You were, and always will be a Pedant; it is demonstrable not only from your Conversation, but your manner of Writing also, in which you do not use one *Simile* worth Two-pence.

*Num.* I will do you the Justice to say, Mr. *Thickhead*, that you abound in *Similes*, but upon an Average, not one of 'em is worth a Farthing; and as to the other Flowers of Rhetorick, which you use, he that has one Grain of  
common



common Sense, may perceive that they are glean'd from the Society of *Billingsgate*. You were as poor as a *Job*, when our Patron enlisted you to write under his Bannor, but you now spend more Money upon Strumpets and in Taverns in one Year, than all your Ancestors were worth; nothing will serve your Turn now, but a Chariot, troll it away briskly, you will not have Occasion for a new Set of Wheels, and I may say, that as you are the first, so you will be the last of your Family, that ever kept one. Pr'ythee be not so profuse, learn Oeconomy, and retrench the Luxury of your Apparel, or you'll be made the Laughing-Stock of the World, when you are reduced to your primitive State of Poverty, and be glad to be again equipt with a Second-Hand Suit of Cloaths.

*Thick.* Have not I had the Patience of a *Stoick*, to bear your opprobrious Language so long? but let me tell you, old Man, if thy Age did not protect thee, thou should'st have felt the Effect of my Indignation: This Sword should have done me Justice.

*Num.* Pr'ythee, Boy, learn to use it, before you draw it out of its peaceful Inclosure; for if you begin to be impertinent, mine shall chastise you. [*He lays his Hand on his Sword, and offers to draw*]

*Thick.* Nay then have at your Heart.

[*Draws his Sword.*]

*Num.* What, *Thickhead*, would you draw upon an ancient Man? One who is old enough to be your Father?

*Thick.* Yes, Sir, when that ancient Man offers to draw upon me, it is necessary to put myself into a proper Posture, tho' I design to be upon the Defensive.

*Num.*

*Num.* If that be your Resolution, you may put up your Sword, for I shall be upon the Offensive. — Come, Brother, let us be Friends, why should we quarrel with one another, when we have a Number of Enemies to encounter?

[*Thick. sheaths his Sword, and they shake Hands.*]

*Thick.* No Man shall out-do me in a Courtesy; — let all Animosities be buried in Oblivion

*Num.* Agreed.

A I R V. Give Ear to my frolicksome Ditty.

*Henceforward we'll not keep a Pother  
Whose Writing is worse, or whose best,  
A Brother to fight with his Brother,  
Is what honest People detest.*

*Fol de rol, &c.*

*Since we are well paid for our Scribbling,  
Lets give our Patron Applause ;  
I'm always well-pleas'd when I'm nibbling  
The Gold, that we get by the Cause.*

*Fol de rol, &c.*

*And whether 'tis right, or 'tis wrong,  
Or whether the Scheme be well laid,  
Th' Inquiry don't to us belong,  
We always write as we are paid.*

*Fol de rol, &c.*

*Enter a Drawer.*

[*A Noise without.*]

*Thick.* What Noise is this?

*Draw.* Did you call, Gentlemen?

*Num.* What means this Disturbance in the Street?

*Draw.*

*Draw.* The Mob are huzzaing the Merchants, who are going with a Petition, there is a Cavalcade of above Two Hundred and Fifty Coaches.

*Num.* Filled I suppose with STURDY-BEGGARS.

*Thick.* Let us go to the Door and hiss 'em.

*Num.* Not I, truly: If I have not the *Innocence* o' the *Dove*, I will convince you that I have the *Wisdom* of the *Serpent*.

*Thick.* I will go let the Consequence be what it will. *[Exit Thickhead and Drawers.]*

*Num.* Who but a Fool wou'd venture to exasperate a Mob? I dare affirm that some *Mischief* will ensue. — Ha! I hear People fighting below Stairs, I fear my Prophecy has been fulfilled.

*Enter several Drawers, leading in Thickhead, with his Shirt and Cloaths bloody, his Sward in his Hand, and he without his Hat and Wig.*

*Thick.* Damn 'em for a parcel of Scoundrels, how dare they use a Gentleman thus? I will have the Rogues hang'd, if I can find 'em out, as a parcel of Street-Robbers, for they have not on'y rob'd me of my Hat and Wig, but have wounded me most desperately.

*Num.* 'Tis what I apprehended: But I wonder Brother, at your Folly; why would you concern yourself with 'em?

*Thick.* If I have a Mind to hiss a Duke, what have they to do with it?

*Num.* You know they are a many headed Monster, not easy to be controul'd.

*Enter another Drawer.*

*Draw.* An't please your Honour, Mr. *Causlic* the Surgeon, is below, and says there is a much better Light in the *Sun*, than there is here.

*Num.*



*Num.* I will come to him. — Take this for Expedition-Money. [*Gives him a Guinea*] Lead me down Staires. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *An Alehouse.*

*Several Tradesmen and their Wives sitting at a Table.*

*1st. Wi.* I say, you shall not have another Tankard; for I will not drink any more *Porter* this blessed Day.

*1st. Hus.* Blessed Day, do you call it! I wish it does not prove one of the worst Days I ever saw in my Life. O Liberty and Property! — But if we must be Slaves, who can help it? for my Part I cannot.

*1st. Wi.* Hey day! what, a Pox is the matter with my Husband? Liberty and Property, say you? who in the *Devil's* Name made you a Statesman? Is not you Name *Timothy Killcow*? and are you not my Husband? then what Business has your Calve's-head to meddle with what does not concern you? The Fellow's Brains are addled surely; a dark Room, clean Straw, and Water-gruel may do him good. — Go to your Slaughter-house, Sirrah, and mind what is doing there, or you shall suffer for it.

*2d. Hus.* Hold, hold, Neighbour *Killcow*, you proceed too far; your Husband I assure you, is right, for this is a Day of the greatest Importance to every true *Briton*, that perhaps ever happened in the World.

*2d. Wi.* How so, my Dear? come, tell us what is the Matter, you know I love dearly to be let into every Secret.

*2d. Hus.* I do not care much to meddle with Things that belong to my Betters, therefore let somebody else tell you.

D

*2d. Wi.*

2d. *Wi.* I shall never be easy in my Mind 'till I hear it, that's possitive; Neighbour *Smallcoal*, do you speak.

3d. *Huf.* I will, truly; for I fear I shall be a great Sufferer. — You know that I keep a Chandler's-Shop, and, tho' I say it, do sell as good a Commodity as any in the Parish, or else I shou'd not have so many Customers: Now you must know that there is a Contrivance on Foot relating to *Tobacco*, which is much the same as that which belongs to *Tea* and *Coffee*, for there is an Inland Duty to be laid upon it, instead of the usual Rate, and this Duty must be paid by the Persons who buy it of the Merchants; besides, we who sell it, must be obliged to keep just and true Scales, so that we shall not be allowed a Draught to them, even tho' 'twere no more than Three Ounces in the Pound. But this is not all: There is an Inland Duty also to be laid upon *Wine*, and we who drink it must pay for it; and tho' a Bottle of good *Port* may now be had for Two Shillings, yet we must soon pay Four for the like. Then again, our Houses will be liable to be searched by Day and by Night by the E X C I S E-M E N.

4th. *Huf.* Aye, aye, Neighbours these E X C I S E-M E N will have Power to search every Nook and Corner, if they please.

1st. *Wi.* I wish I could find one that would search me, 'egad I know what; but they are not so terrible, as you imagine; I assure you; I know a Way to make 'em civil.

A I R VI. When w'are Young fit to Toy.

*An Excise-Man's at best  
To the Nation a Pest,  
An odious, ill-natur'd, poor Ninny ;  
If him you wou'd please,  
The Knave you must grease,  
He'll wink at your Faults for a Guinea.*

*1st. Hus.* Leave off your Caterwawling,  
Hussy, this is a Day of Mourning, not of Mirth.  
— Bring some *Gin*.

*4th. Wi.* We will not have any ; since the  
Reckoning is paid, let us go somewhere else,  
and drink better Liquor.

*1st. Wi.* We will go to our Neighbour  
*Mixum's*, and I am resolv'd to have my Belly  
full of Wine, tho' I am forced to pawn my —  
Smock for it. There we will have half a Dozen  
Pipes of *Tobacco* a-piece, drink 'till we talk of  
Politicks, then proceed to Religion, and after-  
wards drink again 'till we can talk no longer.

*1st Hus.* Here's an impudent Slut to pretend  
to talk of Religion, when she does not know  
what the Word means. Why Hussy, you have  
not been in the Inside of a Church these Seven  
Years, to my Knowledge ; I'll take my Corporal  
Oath of it.

*1st. Wi.* And what is that to you, Sirrah ; I  
love to see the Out-Side of a Church however :  
But how dare you to take this Liberty with me,  
you *Farratic* Rogue ? You know I brought Thir-  
ty good Broad Pieces of Gold with me to you  
on the Day we were married, or otherwise you  
would not have been able to have shewn your  
greasy



greasy Face in *London* one Week longer ; nor have I asked you for any Cloaths since the cursed Day we were join'd together.

3d. *Wi.* Fye, fye Neighbour, this is not handsome. — You that have a mind to go to *Mixum's*, hold up your Hands.

*All.* Agreed, agreed, let us go.

[*All hold up their Hands except Killcow.*]

3d. *Wi.* Well Neighbour *Killcow*, if you will not let us have your Company, we are resolved to go without you.

1st. *Huf.* Upon second Thoughts, I may as well go as stay, for I must pay my Share of the Reckoning. [*Aside*] Lead the Way. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *A Room in Mr. Scammony's House.*

*Mrs. Scammony alone.*

*Mrs. Scam.* How impatient is Desire! Every Moment seems an Hour, 'till I enjoy the Man I love. Has the old bald-pated Gentleman lost his Wings? Methinks, he moves as slow as if an Hundred Weight of Lead was fasten'd to his Feet. Nothing can give a Woman more Uneasiness than Jealousy and Disappointment; and yet to do Justice to Mr. *Lovemore*, I cannot say, that he has given me Cause for either: But we Women are of such a tender Contexture, that our own foolish Apprehensions are sufficient to discompose the whole Frame. [*Walks about.*]

*Enter Prattle.*

Well, *Prattle*, what do you want? how passes the Time away? have you a Letter, or any Thing to communicate to me?

*Prat.* Lud! Madam, why do you lose so much Time in asking needless Questions? Mr. *Lovemore*

*Lovemore* is coming up Stairs ; and therefore it is my Business to go down to my Post. — He is the cleverest Gallant my Mistress ever had ; he makes my Mouth water. *[Aside.]*

*Enter Lovemore, they run and embrace each other.*

*Love.* My dear Charmer, thus let me hold thee nearest to my Heart ; methinks, it is an Age since I was blest in thy Arms.

*Mrs. Scam.* I did all that lay in my Power, to make you happy Yesterday ; speak with Sincerity, did you really think the Time so long ?

*Love.* One Day is a Hundred Years to a Lover ; by *Venus* I could see thee and — kiss thee with Pleasure every Hour.

*Mrs. Scam.* Then I may reckon myself a happy Woman. — But tell me, *Lovemore*, have you not had another Mistress since I saw you ?

*Love.* You wrong me, Madam, in harbouring such an Opinion of your humble Servant, but I will presently give you Satisfaction in that Particular ; and as I never did yet, so it is the farthest from my Intentions ever to go from you to another.

*Mrs. Scam.* I know not what made me ask the Question, but I hope you will pardon it. — Ha ! I hear our Chaplain's Voice ; for Heaven's sake, dear Sir, slip up the Back-Stairs for a Minute ; I will soon dispatch him, and then I expect you to return. *[Exit Lovemore.]*

*Enter Spintext, peeping about.*

*Spin.* Verily, I am persuaded that I heard the Voice of a Man, talking to Mrs. *Scammony* ; but I cannot perceive him.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Scam*. Mr. *Spintext*, how do you do? You seem to be discomposed in your Mind, what is the Matter with you?

*Spin*. My Spirits are faint, but it is my Duty to give you Spiritual Comfort, but let us first go to Prayer.

Mrs. *Scam*. You are a very good Man, but had we not better tarry 'till Mr. *Scammony* returns? Good Sir except my Mite.

[*She gives him Money.*]

*Spin*. Methinks, a Glafs of your Cordial would do me good, or a Pint of Wine to enliven my Intellectuals.

Mrs. *Scam*. You shall have both. [*She goes to her Closet, he follows and peeps.*] — Here, Sir, drink; much good may it do you.

*Spin*. I heartily thank you. [*He drinks and leers at her*] O! You are a charming Woman, and the best of Women.

Mrs. *Scam*. *Prattle* — [*Enter Prattle*] — Conduct Mr. *Spintext* into the Parlour, and order *Robin* to set a Bottle of Wine before him. — Be sure to ply him home; mix some Brandy with it, and watch his Motion. [*Aside to her.*]

[*Exit Spintext and Prattle.*]

*Enter Lovemore.*

*Love*. By *Venus*, my dear Angel, I was afraid this sanctified Hypocrite would have prevented our Sport. How did you send him away?

Mrs. *Scam*. I gave him Money and a Dram, and have order'd him a Bottle of Wine. Care will be taken of him, I warrant you. You would have laugh'd, had you but seen how he leer'd at me, and he said I was a charming Woman: If I had as strong an Inclination to him, as he has to be about my Copy-hold, it would be



be an easy matter to draw him into a Snare. When he meets me alone, he never fails to say one pretty Thing to me, or another; but if ever he should make a Discovery of my Intrigue, (and truly he is very suspicious) I know how to stop his Mouth, and have him discarded.

*Love.* Confound the Dog, his Pretensions to your Love, is a Demonstration of his having as much Assurance as all the *Mess Johns* in *North-Britain*. But, Madam, we forget how the Time slips away. Shall we retire to the usual Place of Rendezvous?

*Mrs. Scam.* I cannot deny you any Thing.

*Love.* Then let us be happy without any further Delay.

A I R VII. Cold and Raw, &c.

*Since Opportunity we have,*

*And Time is always fleeting,*

*Since we can get the Thing we crave,*

*Let us improve our Meeting.*

*For as there is a nice Repast,*

*Which does so much delight us,*

*'Twould be Ill-manners not to taste,*

*When Cupid does invite us.*

[*Exeunt.*

*End of the First Act.*

T H E



THE  
*Sturdy Beggars, &c.*

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ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Tavern.*

*Friendly sitting at a Table, with a Book in his Hand.*

*Friend.* **W**HEN will the Corruption and Coveteousness of this Age have a Period? If we see a Person of a groveling Birth, launch forth into the World with a small Fortune, mortgaged for almost as much as it is worth, mounting the Roundlets of Preerment, and spending the Annual-Income of his Employment; when we see such a Man grow immensely rich in a few Years, and yet squander among his Sycophants and mercenary Scriblers as much Money Yearly as wou'd maintain a Thousand Families; is it possible that a Man who is endued

dued with common Reason, can entertain a charitable Opinion of such a Person's Honesty? And yet there lives such a Man, such a profuse, such a wealthy Man, who like *Crassus*, the *Roman* Consul, was extremely covetous, and like him too serv'd his own Turn by changing from one Side to another in the Administration of the Common-wealth. He shew'd himself neither a *constant* Friend, nor a dangerous Enemy, but soon forsook both Amity and Enmity, when he saw it would be profitable to him, of which the Encrease of his Substance was an undeniable Testimony.

*Enter a Drawer.*

*Draw.* A Person, Sir, below, enquires for Number *Three*.

*Friend.* Admit him. — [*Exit Drawer.*] — After the *Roman Crassus* had offer'd the Tenth of all he had to *Hercules*; when he had made a Feast for all the People of *Rome*, and had given as much Wheat to every Citizen, as did suffice for Three Months; yet his Treasure, that remain'd after all this, amounted to One Million and Sixty Five Thousand Pounds. What our *British Crassus* has amass'd, I cannot tell, but both were much upon a Level at their first Entrance upon the Affairs of the Publick, and 'tis greatly to be fear'd that the Publick Money contributed to enrich both of 'em. *Nero*, the *Roman* Emperor, built the most Stately Palace in the Universe, but the *Romans* destroyed it after his Death, that the Memory of such a Tyrant might be rooted out: This is an excellent Example for those who vaingloriously think, to acquire Fame by Buildings that are more Stately than necessary, and yet leave behind 'em a

E

noto-



notorious and perpetual Mark to Posterity,  
that they have raised their Houses out of the  
People's Money.

*Enter Drawer with Locket.*

*Lock.* Sir, I am your very humble Servant,  
your Commands have been obey'd, and every  
Thing answers Expectation. — Bring up the  
young Man that will ask for me? [*Exit Draw.*]

*Friend.* If he has accomplish'd what he has  
undertaken, he is one of the most dextrous  
Youths I ever heard of.

*Lock.* Give me leave, Sir, to assure you, that  
he is the cleverest *File* in the Kingdom; he was  
*Jonathan Wilde's* Pupil, but he was instructed in  
the Art and Mystery of opening a Trunk, Chest,  
or Scrutore by that Grand-Master of the Free  
and Accepted-Free-Men of the Society of Pick-  
locks, *Jack Shepherd.*

AIR VIII. The old Woman sent to the Miller.

You've heard how the Free, and Accepted-Free Mason,  
Are known by their Signs, wheresoever they meet;  
They talk without speaking, and put a grave Face on,  
And kindly one Brother his Brother does greet:  
The Master to them a long Lesson does read,  
Instructing them how to proceed in their Trade,

Like Asses,

What passes

Each Heart with prick'd Ears,

And strives to retain

'Till he comes again,

Oh! 'Till he comes again, and the same Thing he hears.

Just so by their Signs, which they make to each other;  
 The Free and Accepted-Free Pick-locks are known;  
 They kindly salute, without making a Pother,  
 And go to a Lady, if they have not been blown\*;  
 The Master examines them what they can do,  
 And then he instructs 'em, in something that's new.  
 They hear him,  
 Draw near him,  
 And when he has done,  
 They hope to obtain  
 A Prize in the Main,  
 Oh! A Prize in the Main, for the Hazard they run.

*Enter Drawer and Openall.*

*Open.* Mr. Lockit, I desire to speak a Word with you. — Is this the Gentleman, whom you mention'd concerning the Affair?

*Lock.* Yes, the very same. [*Aside*] — Sir, here is the Trusty Jack Openall of Openhouse in the County of York.

*Friend.* Sit down, Mr. Openall — Have you accomplish'd what you undertook? I suppose you seldom fail of Success.

*Open.* Truly, Sir, I can say without Vanity, that our whole Society cannot match me; and I always brought away the Booty, except once, when I pick'd the Lock of a Courtier's Bureau, and, to my unspeakable Grief and Disappointment, found nothing therein but a Parcel of Letters from *Bess Wytail* of *Drury-lane*, and a Dozen of *Cundums*. But, Sir, I have done effectually the Business I have undertook for you, and here are the Papers. [*He gives Friend a Bundle.*]

\* i. e. if they have not impeach'd any of their Fraternity.

*Friend.* I cannot imagine by what Means you cou'd possibly ingratiate yourself into the Family, and have an Opportunity of doing this.

*Open.* I can easily account for that. I used to clean the Servants Shoes, treat 'em now and then with a Pot of Beer, banter one and laugh at another, run on their Errands, and do twenty other Things: Then I became known to the Buttlér, and often clean'd the Knives and Forks for him; afterwards I help'd the Chamber-Maids in carrying clean Water for 'em up Stairs, and bring down what was dirty; by these Means I discover'd the Room I wanted, and hiding myself under the Bed, when the Coast was clear, I did the Job, and march'd off with the Plunder.

*Friend.* I hope you did not take any Thing away, except these Papers.

*Open.* Ah! Sir, you are not acquainted, I find, with the World; there is as much Policy requir'd in the Management of our Business, as in carrying on an Intrigue of State. What an egregious *Blunderer* should I have been in Politics, I mean the Politicks of our Society, if I had left any Thing behind me? I brought off Five Hundred Guineas in as good Gold, as *Satan* ever flung in the Way of a *Covetous Man* to tempt him to *Damnation*: But the Sum Total of what the *Bank Notes*, *India* and *South-Sea Bonds* amounted to, would corrupt the whole Conclave of Cardinals, and make 'em chuse an Heretic for their Pontiff. — Take 'em, Sir, for I believe they are of no Use to any but the Owner, at least not to me, and therefore I disburthen myself of 'em. [*He gives another Bundle to Friendly*] — Now, Sir, if I had taken nothing but the first Bundle, it would be suspected



ed that some private Thief had been employ'd to make a Discovery, but as every Thing has been carried off, there are no Grounds for such a Suspicion, but it will be concluded that some domestick Servant has committed the Theft.

*Friend.* You have convinc'd me, by Reason, that you are in the Right; and in my Opinion, you are as great a Politician in your way, as *Machiavel* was in his.

*Open.* I hope, Sir, you will excuse me if I can stay no longer; I must metamorphose myself into the Shoe-boy again, and return to my Post, lest I give any Umbrage to my Masters to imagine that I have been concern'd in the Robbery.

AIR IX. The Sun had loos'd its weary Teams.

*The Man that is a Statesman grown,*

*If he commits a Blunder,*

*As quick as Lightning it is known,*

*And loud it spreads like Thunder.*

*How irksome must be his Disgrace,*

*Tho' he may turn his Tail on't,*

*When it shall be thrown in his Face*

*By ev'ry brave Assailant?*

*But*

*But if my Brother wou'd succeed;  
Let him by me take Patt' ren;  
For if that he makes too much Speed,  
He'll act like an old Matron:*

*Then in the Blund'ring Road he goes,  
'Till he's by All forsaken;  
And let me tell him, under the Rose,  
It will not save his Bacon.*

*[Exit Openall.]*

*Friend.* This young Man, Mr. Lookit, seems to have had good Education, he talks as if he had some Knowledge of the *Latin Tongue*.

*Lock.* He is descended from an antient Family, and had good School Learning; but having a roving Disposition, he ran away from his Parents, and coming to *London*, he got into bad Company, and nothing can wean him from his present way of Living.

*Friend.* 'Tis a great Pity that he does not apply himself to some honest Method of getting his Livelihood. — I will leave you to make an End of your Bottle, and will pay at the Bar. — But first accept this to fulfil my Promise.

*[Gives Money, and Exeunt.]*

*Lock.* Let me see — Suppose I make a Discovery, I should certainly get a Reward, and be put into some Post of Profit. — But then I do not know the Gentleman, or the Place of his Habitation, and then I might lay a Snare, and be catch'd in it myself; I could produce the Thief, but then the main Point, the Papers, is wanting. — It will not do; and I won't turn Informer; since I can make more of the Matter by

by not revealing it. The Gentleman has given me an Hundred Guineas, and as I shall make *Openall* come down with a Majority of what he has got, I shall be well recompenc'd for what I have done.

[*He drinks a Bumper.*]

A I R X. The Abbot of *Canterbury*.

*The World, as 'tis said, is a Cheat, and that he  
Is a Fool, who denies a Partaker to be ;  
Why shou'd I not then share the same common Fate  
With the Low Little Vulgar, the High and the Great.*  
Derry down, down, &c.

*As Honesty long since to Heav'n has been fled,  
And Cheating alone, thrives, and holds up her Head;  
Since Virtue and Justice are, both, but dead Letters,  
'Tis Prudence in all Things, to copy our Betters,*  
Derry down, &c.

*The Courtier will Promise, and Cheat you to Boot,  
He says that he will, but he never will do't ;  
For the Good of my Country, quoth Blunder, I act,  
But still we All know this a Fib is in Fact,*  
Derry down, &c.

*For ev'ry Man now does consult his own Ends,  
And for Profit betrays Father, Brother, and Friends;  
'Tis Matter of Fact, you may trust to my Word,  
Poor Tradesmen are Bites, and so is the Rich Lord,*  
Derry down, &c.  
[*Exeunt Lockit.*]

SCENE,



SCENE, *A Bed-Chamber.*

*Lovemore adjusting his Peruke at a Glass, Mrs. Scammony shaking her Cloaths, and putting herself in Order.*

*Mrs. Scam.* Ha, ha, ha! — I am thinking, *Lovemore*, that my Husband is one of the most egregious Coxcomb's in the Universe: He is the most obsequious Animal imaginable to Sir *Simon Wronghead*, but he domineers at Home as if he were descended from the Tyrants of *Syracuse*; but tho' he lords it over his Servants, he never gets any Thing by playing the *Hector* with me. It would be more to his Advantage, if he would study the Peace and Welfare of his Family, than to apply his Mind to *Politicks*; in which he is a worse *Blunderer*, if possible, than the Person to whom he makes his Court. But if he will expose his Folly Abroad, I will take care to act the Part of the *Female Politician* at Home.

*Love.* 'Egad, Madam, you are in the Right on't; I commend your Resolution, and advise you to adhere to it.

*Enter Prattle.*

*Prattle.* Madam, Madam, *John* is come home, and says my Master will be here presently; but I have good News to tell you, the *Grand Project* is laid aside, and Mr. *Spintext* is as drunk as most of our Citizens will be this Night, who are making Preparations for Bon-fires.

*Mrs. Scam.* Very well, but how shall we contrive to get *John* out of the Way, that Mr. *Lovemore* may have his Liberty? — Let me see — If

— If it cannot be effected, then, *Prattle*, you must take him to your Bed 'till Morning.

*Prat.* I shall have but little Satisfaction in that ; it would have pleased me better, if I had taken him an Hour ago. *[Aside.]*

*Mrs. Scam.* Upon second Thoughts, when my drowsy Husband snores, you shall undress you, and supply my Place.

*Prat.* Neither of these will do, for then I shall disappoint *Robin*. *[Aside.]* — Consider, Madam, if my Master should awake —

*Mrs. Scam.* What then, you silly Girl ? Do you think that he will not find you to be Flesh and Blood, as well as another ? Or can you not get out of Bed, come up Stairs, and give me Notice if he should offer to meddle with you ?

A I R XI. If Love's a Sweet Passion, &c.

*[Mrs. Scammony.]*

*If Love does give Pleasure, why shou'd it be scant ?*

*If Plenty abounds, O ! why then shou'd we want ?*

*The Miser his Treasure can never enjoy,*

*But Women, 'till sated, shou'd Kifs, Sport, and Toy ;*

*No Matter with whom, or in what Place they meet,*

*If their Appetites crave, and the Banquet is sweet.*

*[Mr. Lovemore.]*

*O then double Pleasure we give and recieve,*

*And the more we partake, still the more we wou'd have ;*

*Since Cupid's our Gen'ral, why shou'd we not fight,*

*And follow our Leader by Day and by Night ?*

*When the Signal is giu'n, then e're 'tis too late,*

*To rally again, we do only retreat.*

*Prat.* What shall I do with Mr. *Spintext*, Madam, he is so intollerably rude, that I am afraid he will ravish me ?

F

*Mrs. Scam.*

Mrs. *Scam*. That I believe is the least of your Fear; therefore humour him, and keep him in Play till your Master comes back, for I would have him see the Condition he is in, and then he may be remov'd from being a Spy over my Actions. [*Exit Prattle.*] Lest I may be depriv'd of an Opportunity of expressing my Gratitude to you, I desire you will accept this.

[*Gives a Purse.*]

Love. Dear, Madam, excuse me; the Love, which you are pleased to express for me, is a sufficient Recompence.

Mrs. *Scam*. No, no, Mr. *Lovemore*, the Labourer deserves what he earns. — [*He takes the Purse*] Let us retire to the Dining-room.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *A Parlour.*

Spintext, Robin, and Prattle.

Spin. Come, come, *Robin*, fill me a Bumber; — well done — Here, Mrs. *Prattle*, to your good Health: On my Life you are a tempting young Jade. [*Drinks*] You shall pledge me, you little Baggage — Fill your Glass. [*He falls asleep.*]

Prat. Did your Eyes ever behold, such a sanctified Letcher? I know not what he might have done, *Robin*, if you were not here.

Ro. He cou'd have done no more to you in any Part of this Room, than I have done before. His Inclination is strong, but I very much question his Ability at present; however, you shall not fail to have a substantial Proof of mine.

Prat. Say you so, Mr. Boldface? [*Pats him gently on the Cheek*] If you do not play your Game well, I shall put you to your Trumps.

A I R



A I R XII. A lovely Lads to a Fryar came.

*You promise well what you can do,*

*And say, you are a Lover ;*

*But, Robin, mark what will ensue,*

*Tho' you prate like a Rover,*

*For, O ! One poor Attack or two*

*Your silly Looks will discover.*

[Exit Prattle.

[One knocks at the Door, Spin. awakes.

*Enter Mr. Scammony.*

*Spin.* Come, Robin, some more Wine, I will drink little Prattle's Health once more : She is a delicious Morsel.

*Scam.* Say you so Sir ? I shall put a Spoke into your Wheel. [Strikes the Glass out of his Hand] Thunder and Lightning ! What work has been done here ? — Rise thou wicked Man. [Spin. offers to get up, but falls back on his Chair.

*Spin.* Verily I am overtaken with a Cup of the Creature, and am deprived of my Understanding — Prattle, where are you, Hussy ? I must have one Kiss, and then — another Bumber. Robin, put the Glass about. [He sleeps.

*Scam.* Shall I believe my Eyes, or do I dream ? — Call your Mistress. [Exit Robin] What an odious Sight is this ? I thought it was impossible that one who had carried himself so upright, would have made himself such a Beast.

*Enter Mrs. Scammony and Prattle.*

*Scam.* Do you see this abominable Spectacle ? I suppose you laid the Plot, and this Jade, with Robin's Assistance, put it in Execution.

Mrs. *Scam*. Your Suppositions, Mr. *Scammony*, give me no Uneasiness. You are always very liberal in casting your Taunts at me, but as I am conscious of my own Innocence, I do not regard 'em. — Here is a righteous Pastor! I do not wonder at the Sheep going astray, when the Shepherd shews them an Example.

A I R XIII. 'Twas when the Sheep were &c.

*Behold the Pulpiteerer,  
Whose Looks were once so grave;  
Of Vice he's now a Sharer,  
Himself he cou'd not save.*

*Scam*. Pray, Madam, forbear your unseasonable Mirth — You, Mrs. Mischief-maker, [To Prattle] call the Servants, and let 'em take that filthy Creature away. [Exit Prattle] What a Disgrace this will be to the Bretheren, when it is known!

Mrs. *Scam*. You might have stay'd at home, and prevented your pious Chaplain from incurring the Obloquy of the World: But, forsooth, you must dabble in Politicks, 'till you make yourself as odious as that Brute. [Enter Servants and carry out Spintext] A Meddler, let me tell you, will procure to himself every honest Man's Hatred; a Busy-body is a contemptible Creature, and the World will shun his Company. If you do not value your Neighbours Company, you ought to retire to a Wilderness, and lead the rest of your Life in Solitude. — Mr. *Scammony*, how do you do after your Tobacco? Such an impolitick Step never was taken: To oppose, or think to subdue an irritated Nation, is as consummate a Piece of Rashness, as for a single

single Man to encounter and hope to conquer a whole Army.

*Scam.* Do you think, Madam, that I will stand to be baited thus by you? I am Lord of my own House, and will be obey'd.

*Mrs. Scam.* You are a Tyrant in it, I acknowledge, but you shall not be obey'd by me, except your Behaviour shews you to be a civilized Creature, and not one of the Savages. You may hector your Servants, but I will be upon a Level with you.

*Scam.* Will you so, Madam? I will clip the Pinions of your Ambition, and prevent your soaring to such a Height.

*Mrs. Scam.* If you offer to clip my Wings, I assure you that I will fortify your Forehead; and so, Sir, you may begin when you please.

*Scam.* Thou art thy whole Sex in *Epitome*; and since your Blood is so hot, *Camphire* and a thin Diet, will do you good.

A I R XIV.

*A Woman's at best, but a consummate Evil,  
She's All-Saint without, but within is All-Devil,  
And by her good Will, as on all Hands confess'd,  
Her Tongue and her T—l wou'd ne'er be at Rest,  
Fa, la, la, &c.*

*Mrs. Scam.* I'll swear, you are one of the most obliging Husbands that ever snored by a Woman's Side; and to convince you that I am a good-natur'd Wife, I will entertain you with the Second Part of the same Tune, and pay you in your own Coin. I hate to be long in any Body's Debt, especially when I am able to discharge it.

A I R



A I R XV.

*You may fancy, perhaps, that short Things are the best,  
But short Things, I tell you, all Women detest ;  
Short Purfes, short Horns, 'tis said, are a Curse,  
But still short Allowance you'll find is much Worfe,  
Fa, la, la, &c.*

Come, my Dear, as I have given you your Supper, I think it Time that we shou'd go to Bed. What say you ?

*Scam.* I say — I will go to our Club, and spend an Hour or two in Company that is sociable, and more agreeable to me.

*Mrs. Scam.* Lud ! Mr. Scammony, I will be as sociable as you please ; therefore take my Advice, as you have exposed yourself all Day, do not play the Fool at Night ; you will be laugh'd at, despised, and hooted by all your Associates.

*Scam.* Do you think, Madam, that I will be controll'd by a Thing in Petticoats ? You are mistaken. *[Exit in a Passion.]*

*Mrs. Scam.* *[Looking after him]* If that Thing in Petticoats does not make your Heart ach, then say that it is her Fault.

*Enter Lovemore.*

*Love.* I have over-heard your Dialogue with Mr. Scammony ; such a perverse Creature, I believe was never seen. — My dear Creature, it grieves me to think that we must part ; but say, when shall I be happy again ?

*Mrs. Scam.* When, and as often as you please, if we get an Opportunity. — I will send Prattle to give you Notice.

A I R

A I R XVI. Moggy Lawder.

*Mrs. Scam. When Lovers in due Season meet,  
They do enhance their Pleasure ;*

*Love. Forbidden Joys are always sweet,  
When we do make the Seizure.*

*Mrs. Scam. But then, methinks, 'tis Death to part,  
And this our Fear discovers :*

*Love. Yet double Joy does fill each Heart,  
When we next play the Lovers.*

[Exit severally, looking after each other.

S C E N E, *A Room in a Tavern.*

*Killcow, and the rest, at a Table*

*1st. Hus. I hope you have got your Bel'y-ful  
of Wine To-night ; it is late, therefore let us  
pay our Reckoning, and go home.*

*1st. Wi. You may go by yourself if you please ;  
but I will stay, and see the Wine drank up fair-  
ly. — Let us have a Song. [The Women fill  
[Bumpers, and drink when they have sung.*

A I R XVII. *Daphne, my dainty Bitch.*

*1st. Wi. Thou dear Support of Life,  
O hone ! O hone !*

*Thou, that do'st cure all Strife,  
O hone ! &c.*

*To think that we must part,  
Is such a killing Smart,*

*'Twill surely break my Heart, [Drinks.  
O hone ! O hone !*

*2d. Wi.*

2d. Wi. *O ! may such wealthy Rogue,*  
*O hone ! &c.*  
*Tho' ne'er so much in Vogue,*  
*O hone ! &c.*  
*Those Money-loving Elves,*  
*Who plunder All themselves,*  
*Be Ship-wreck'd on the Shelves,*  
*O hone ! O hone !* [Drinks.]

3d. Wi. *Ye Gods now crown my Hope,*  
*O hone ! &c.*  
*And grant that Axe or Rope,*  
*O hone ! &c.*  
*May be each Villain's Fate,*  
*In whatsoever State,*  
*Who does his Country hate,*  
*O hone ! O hone !* [Drinks.]

*O, let 'em branded be,*  
*O hone ! &c.*  
*With knowing Infamy ;*  
*O hone ! &c.*  
*Perdition seize 'em All,*  
*The Vulgar Great and Small,*  
*Who Britain wou'd enthrall,*  
*O hone ! O hone !* [Drinks.]

2d. Hus. *Come, come, let us call for a Bill,*  
*in short, I will not stay any longer.*  
[He rings a Bell.]

*Enter Mixum.*

Mix. *Do you call, Neighbours ? I hope the*  
*Wine p'leases you ; you shall always meet with*  
*the*



the best Juice of the Grape, and civil Treatment at my House.

3d. *Huf.* I do not doubt it, Mr. *Mixum*; but as the Morning draws near, we desire to know what we have to pay.

*Mix.* To pay, Neighbours? not one Farthing, honest Sir *William Steddy* was so well pleased with your Song, that he has discharged the Reck'ning, and left a Guinea to be spent: Besides, he has ordered a large Bon-fire to be lighted, and Two Barrels of Beer for the Populace. Why, Neighbours, I warrant you have not heard the good News? Our Fears are over, the Scheme is knock'd on the Head, and the New EXCISE-MEN may hang themselves.

*All.* Huzza, huzza, huzza! Heaven bless Sir *William*. — You say, Mr. *Mixum*, that there is a Guinea to be spent; bring us more Wine, we will sit and be merry. Shut the Door.

[Exit *Mixum*, the Scene closes.]

SCENE, A Room in Sir William Steddy's House.

*Lord Wiseman*, Sir *William*, and *Friendly* at a Table, with Abundance of Papers before 'em.

*L. Wise.* The whole Kingdom, Sir *William*, are under the greatest Obligation to you for the Noble Stand you made; nor ought those worthy Patriots to be excluded from their Thanks, who adhered so firmly to the true Interest of their Country. Your Zeal has been always conspicuous, but in this, you have out-done yourself.

*Sir Will.* My Lord, if our Actions merit any Applause, it is only such as reflects from your Lordship's brave Example: — You led the Van,  
G and

and it was our Duty to follow our General. I could say much more upon this Subject, but I am very sensible your Lordship's Modesty will not suffer you to hear the universal Praise, you have so justly acquired.

*L. Wife.* I am very well pleased that my Conduct has been approv'd, but the Repetition of it would give me an unspeakable Inquietude. — But what think ye, my Friends, of the Steps that Sir *Simon* has taken? To discover his Intention, and alarm the Nation, was as great a *Blunder* in Politicks, as a General's sending Word to a Prince, that he wou'd invade his Country, and lead his Subjects into Captivity.

*Friend.* Had he succeeded in his abominable Enterprize, I fear it would have been attended with a fatal Consequence.

*Sir Will.* If he had carried his Point, I am persuaded it would not have answered the End for which it seems to be calculated: The Wealthy Merchants would have left off Trade, and little cou'd be expected from the poorer Sort. Our Navigation would have suffer'd, and other Commodities must have been Taxed, to make good the Deficiencies in this; in short, it would have been the Fore-runner of Excising all Things that are Taxable.

*L. Wi.* If such a Thing should ever happen, which Heav'n avert, then adieu to Tryals by Juries, the only Security of our Liberties and Properties. But the Storm is over, and the Projector has pull'd an old House over his Head.

*Friend.* If I were in his Case, I wou'd retire and lead a solitary Life; 'tis the only way to avoid publick Contumely.

*L. Wife.* But when a Man is stung with Remorse, he cannot appease the Trouble of his Mind,

Mind, tho' he flies to the utmost Corners of the Earth: The bearded Arrow sticks in his Side, nor can the Art of Man pluck it out.

A I R XVIII. Tweed Side.

*We ought to revolve in our Mind,  
Whatever we wou'd put in O're;  
Vile Actions we always shall find,  
Can ne'er from Reproach be secure:  
For Conscience will fly in our Face,  
'Tis the Worm that never does die;  
In vain we go from Place to Place,  
Since Guilt still before us does lie.*

Sir Will. There are some Persons in the World, who fear their Consciences all Day for a certain Time, and lull it a-sleep all Night; but when the Effect of the intoxicating Opiate is over, when the soft Pillow shall cause a serious Reflection; the Eschar then falls off, and the corroding Ulcer preys upon the Heart, 'till the kind Rope, or friendly Poniard, sets 'em free from the infernal Torments they feel on this side the Grave. — But we forget the principal Business; we desire your Lordship's Advice in the Disposal of these Papers.

L. Wise. In my Opinion, Gentlemen, the political Papers ought to be preserved; but especially those that relate to the Two Monarchies: They may be useful hereafter. As for the Bank Notes and Specialities, which amount to an immense Sum, my Advice is, that they be convey'd with all the Dispatch imaginable. I am apprehensive that he is not yet sensible of his Loss, and this Discovery will be the most



mortifying Stroke he ever received. Let this be committed to Mr. *Friendly's* Care, who's prudent Management we need not doubt, since he has already given us such convincing Proof of his Conduct.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My Lady ordered me to let you know, Sir *William*, that Supper is upon the Table.

Sir *Wil.* We are coming. [*Exit Servant.*] I shall expect you, *Friendly*, To-morrow Morning, in the mean time, I will lock up these Papers. [*Sir William takes the Bundles of Papers.*  
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

S C E N E, *A Tavern.*

Traffick, Tradewell, Smokeall, and other Merchants, drinking.

*Traf.* Fill your Glasses, Gentlemen — Here is good Health to the noble Lord *Wiseman*, who first made the glorious Stand against the Invasion of our Properties; and to the other brave Patriots who stood firmly by us.

[*They drink.*

*Smoke.* This Day, I think, ought to be a Red-letter'd Day in our Calender; and the Name of each Patriot to be written in Golden Capitals, and placed under the Effigy of our First Deliverer, the glorious King *WILLIAM*, in the *Royal-Exchange*. He rescu'd us from Oppression, but some of our own Fellow-Subjects have endeavour'd to bring us under worse than *Egyptian* Servitude. — Here is to the Prosperity of Trade.

[*They Drink again.*

*Trade.* How sheepish did a certain Person look, when his Design miscarried! How he strutted

strutted and magnify'd himself upon the imaginary Success of his Undertaking ! But now, I dare swear, he hangs down his Ears, and is as tame as a Muck-worm. — A good Health to our LORD MAYOR, and to the Courts of ALDERMEN and COMMON-COUNCIL, and a F—t for Sir——Bumpers, Gentlemen.

[*They drink again.*]

4th. Mer. I had made a Resolution, that if Matters had come to an Extreamity, I wou'd have knock'd off Trade ; I thank Providence I can give my Daughter Thirty Thousand Pounds, without asking her Friends and Relations to contribute to her Portion ; and when this is done, I shall have an Estate sufficient to support me, and my Family : And I heartily wish that every Merchant had double what I am worth.

5th. Mer. We shou'd then be call'd STUDY-BEGGARS with a Witness. — I must confess, I have no Reason to complain ; for if I retired from Business, I can live with Credit and Decency. But there is a *Great Man* in the World, at least he fancies himself to be so, who endeavours to cramp Trade, tho' for no other Reason, than that we may not be in a Capacity to vie with him, in Respect to his Wealth.

6th. Mer. For my Part I envy him not in that Particular ; every Man is to be commended, who makes his Fortune, even tho' he came from the *Plough-tail*, provided he does it by his own Industry, and uses no sinister Ways to acquire it, or *Secret Services*, that will not bear a publick Examination.

Smoke. I am one of those UP-START-BEGGARS, who, if I saw Court Minions like the *Petronius's* and the *Tigilinus's* about  
Nero,

*Nero*, those Advocates of Voluptuousness, the Pest of a Realm, and the Evil *Genii* of Kings, would boldly petition that Justice might execute Vengeance on their Heads.

*Traf.* 'Tis but reasonable that it shou'd be done; for such Pandars to their own Interest, by *fatal Wars*, and dishonourable *Treaties* of Peace, by abandoning the *true Interest* of their Country, and playing the *Mountebanks* with the *Body Politick*, 'till they cast it at once into a *Fever*, and a *Consumption*, endeavouring all they can do to bring the People into *Despair*; and when they have raised a *general Combustion* of their own Kindling, they hope to save themselves, and tip off with the Spoils of a Nation, reduced to so miserable a Condition, and thereby to palliate their own Villanies.

*Trade.* All to them is *Plunder*, all is *Prey*: They first *rifle the Ship* they sail in, then *strand her* to conceal their own *Robberies*: Though they came only out of the Dirt, and to speak truly, are of Kin to no Body, yet they believe themselves the Heirs of all the World; there is no Officer of the Crown, no Governor of a Place, whose Succession they do not pretend to either for themselves, Relations, or Friends: They think they are not in Safety so long as there is any Man in Credit or Authority who is not a Creature of their own raising.

[*One without speaking—The same is intitled, The London Merchants Triumph, or Sturdy-Beggars are brave Fellows.*

[*1st. Merch. rings a Bell.*]

*Enter Drawer.*

*2d. Mer.* Here, you, Sir, call in those Ballad-Singers. [*Exit Draw.*] Now let us have a *Recess* from



from Politicks ; the Ballad Gentlemen, is worth  
reading. [Enter Drawer, and Ballad - Singers.  
Hand your Ballads about — now begin.

A I R XIX. A Begging we will go.

I.

*I am a Sturdy Beggar,  
And in that Title glory ;  
Nor can the World a Title boast,  
That's more renown'd in Story;  
And a Begging we will go, &c.*

II.

*The Prince of Sturdy Beggars  
Immortal NASSAU shone,  
To save his Peoples Rights and Lives,  
He freely gave his Own,  
But a Begging he did, &c.*

III.

*Court-Titles he despised,  
On Ours he built his Fame ;  
Then how can our Title die,  
But with Great Nassau's Name?  
Then a Begging, &c.*

IV.

*With HOLLAND's Sturdy Beggars,  
We too will share the Prize ;  
They pull'd the Inquisition down,  
We over-turn'd EXCISE,  
And a Begging, &c.*

V. *Indy-*

V.

*Industrious as the fruitful Bee,  
Around the World we roam;  
The Courtiers are the Drones that suck  
The Honey we bring Home,  
When a Begging they, &c.*

VI.

*The Wealth of both the Indies,  
We thro' our Country spread;  
And Vermin that abuse us most,  
Are by our Labour fed,  
Then a Begging let 'em, &c.*

VII.

*We scorn for Place, or Pension,  
Our Consciences to bartar;  
Or Britain's Liberty betrays,  
For golden Bribe, or Garter,  
So a Begging, &c.*

VIII.

*The Courtiers beg a Pension,  
And we the Courtiers dun;  
They meanly beg the Nation's Wealth,  
We boldly ask our own,  
When a Dunning we do go, &c.*

IX.

*But say what is a Courtier,  
Tho' he does bounce and swagger?  
What other Name does he deserve,  
Than that of pilf'ring Beggar?  
So a Begging he will go, &c.*

X. By

X.

By Begging, and fine Promises,  
To trust him we are drawn;  
Will he then Britain's Honour guard,  
Who leaves his own in pawn?  
When a Begging, &c.

XI.

To call Excise a Publick Good,  
Their Hirelings find Pretences,  
The modest Creatures only beg  
We would give up our Senses,  
So a Begging, &c.

XII.

'Twill make ye all as rich as Jews,  
Does Goody Osborne cry;  
Ope' but your Fists, and shut your Eyes,  
You'll see't as plain as I,  
Thus a Begging SHE does go, &c.

XIII.

I'd prove it plain, says Walsingham,  
But I've no Time to lose;  
My Master's been in dirty Work,  
And I must clean his Shoes,  
Thus a Begging, &c.

XIV.

Fog's Sneers, and Caleb's Arguments;  
Hyp-Doctor makes a Jest on,  
And will confute 'em both with Ease,  
If he can beg the Question.  
Thus a Begging he, &c.

H

XV. Your



XV.

*Your Sins deserve Excise, he roars,  
Then what must be his Due,  
Who cheats those Fools, his Auditors,  
Of Time and Money too,  
When to hear him they do go, &c.*

XVI.

*But shou'd the Sins of all Mankind  
Be ever fairly parted,  
Nine Parts wou'd fall to Priests like him,  
And Tythes be then inverted;  
So a Begging he may, &c.*

XVII.

*Against the Sturdy Beggars  
The Grand Projector raves,  
For had they not oppos'd His Scheme,  
We soon shou'd have been Slaves,  
And a Begging we might, &c.*

XVIII.

*'Tis Wine, he cries, that makes 'em prate,  
Excise just suits my Wish;  
If Water I can make 'em drink,  
They'll be as mute as Fish.  
Then a Begging they may, &c.*

XIX.

*If they will have Mundungus,  
I'll give 'em thinner Fare;  
And since they are so fond of Smoke,  
I'll make 'em live on Air,  
Then a Begging they may, &c.*

XX. They

XX.

*They grow too fat and wealthy,  
And I must drench their Purses,  
Excise shall be their Physick,  
Dragoons shall be their Nurses,  
Then a Begging they, &c.*

XXI.

*They must be soundly whip'd and steec'd,  
These Beggars are too rich;  
But, shou'd he try, I doubt he'll make  
A Rod for his Own Britch,  
So to T——n he may, &c.*

XXII.

*If Sturdy Beggars firm wou'd stand,  
And barter not their Vote,  
They soon would take him down a Peg,  
And make him change his Note,  
Then a Begging he may, &c.*

XXIII.

*Shou'd all his Crew their Merits share,  
The Scene would strangely alter;  
And many Titled R - g - s wou'd get,  
Not Ribbons, but a Haltar,  
Then to T——n they would go, &c.*

3d. Mer. Here is something to encourage ye.  
— Come, Gentlemen, your Contribution. [He  
holds his Hat, they put Money into it, which he gives  
to the Singers.

Singer. Heaven's bless and prosper ye All. —  
See here, Bess, Six Guineas! We won't sing Bal-  
lads again this Fortnight.

[Exeunt.

[A Noise without, Huzza, huzza, huzza !

4th. *Mer.* Let us retire, and see the Proceſſion, it muſt be near, by the Noiſe the Mob makes.

[Exeunt

[Enter a Mob, with the Effigy of a bulky Man, with a Slip of blue Paper croſs his Right-Shoulder, reaching to his Left-Side ; they carry it in a Chair, which they ſupport with their Shoulders.]

1st. *Mob.* Let us conſider, Neighbours, whether it were not better to hang him, than burn him. What ſay you, *Saip* the Taylor ?

2d. *Mob.* Burn him, burn him : I have heard of a Man who has been hang'd, and brought to Life again, but I never heard of any one who was burn'd to Aſhes, that ever recover'd his Senſes.

All. Burn him, burn him. [They caſt the Effigy into the Bon-fire] Huzza, huzza, huzza !

Enter Thickhead.

*Thick.* This is a Burning-ſhame ; I ſuppoſe they would have as little Compaſſion on the Perſon whoſe Effigy this is ſuppoſed to be, if he were in their Power.

3d. *Mob.* Ay, ay, Maſter, we are burning a ſhameful Thing, that is the Truth on't.

4th. *Mob.* [Peeping in his Face] This is Squire *Thickhead*, who hiſ'd at us To-day, and had his Head broke for his Pains. You may hiſs again, Sir, if you pleaſe, you have loſt your Sting. — Why *Jack*, this is a Fellow, who has no other Way of getting a Livelihood, than by Scribbling in Defence of thoſe, who wou'd make us wear



wear *Wooden - Shoes*. Begone, Sirrah ! Or we  
shnll finge your Breeches. [Thickhead *sneaks off*.

A I R XX. Catherine Ogie.

*In France; in Flanders I have been,  
And there found Recreation ;  
But such a Sight was never seen,  
As this in any Nation.*

*Who loves his Country and his Friend,  
Hates ev'ry vile Transgression ;  
O ! may this be each Villain's End,  
Who'd bring us to Oppression.*

[Exeunt Omnes.

*End of the Second Act.*



THE



THE  
*Sturdy Beggars, &c.*

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ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Dressing-Room.*

*Mrs. Simpleton at her Toilet, and Lucy behind her.*

*Mrs. Simp.* **L**ARD! *Lucy*, methinks I am a  
hateful Spectacle To-day; I  
look so frightful, I cannot bear my own Image.

*Luc.* Surely, Madam, you are troubled with  
Vapours, and fancy you see Things that never  
were in Being! — You arose this Morning be-  
fore your usual Hour, and that has disorder'd  
you; but, if I may be your Physician, I would  
advise you to drink a Dish of Rice-Tea, which  
will dispel the Clouds that over-power your  
Mind — The Water boils, and, if you please,  
Madam, I will soon make it ready — I am cer-  
tain nothing in the World can do you more  
Good.

*Mrs.*

Mrs. *Simp.* Say you so! But I think it is a little too soon; however, *Lucy*, if you believe 'twill make me better, you may bring it. But if I shou'd be fuddled this Morning, what shall I do then? — I have a knawing Pain in my Stomach.

*Lu.* Madam, I will relieve you presently. — Fuddled, quoth a? It is her every Morning's Practice. [*Aside*] [Exit *Lucy*.]

Mrs. *Simp.* I cannot deny Rice-Tea to be a pleasant Liquor, and the Physicians say it is wholesome. — When I am alone I can drink it as free as any Body, but the foolish Modesty of our Sex obliges us to be reserved when we are with Company. [*Enter Lucy, with a Bowl of Punch*] Lard! Girl, you have been gone an Hour. — Give it to me.

*Lu.* An Hour, Madam! Not Three Minutes upon my *Rep*; I hope, Madam, it pleases your Palate.

Mrs. *Simp.* You have made it so hot, that I cannot taste it, yet methinks it is very weak. What have you put to it?

*Lu.* There is but a Pint, Madam, and half of it is Arrack; if you please I will make it Stiffer, and that will cool it.

Mrs. *Simp.* Do so: [*Lucy takes the Bottle, and puts more Arrack into the Bowl, then gives it to her Mistress*] I begin to relish it now, and it warms my Stomach; but still methinks I look monstrously ugly. [*She drinks as she talks.*]

*Lu.* Why did you rise so early, Madam, it has discomposed you strangely? I was fast asleep when you rang the Bell.

Mrs. *Simp.* My booby Husband disturb'd me, who wou'd pay a Visit to his Brother, Sir *Simon*: I wish the conceited Coxcomb may not have



have Cause to repent it. Pr'ythee, *Lucy*, sing  
me a Song to divert me : [*As Lucy sings Mrs.*  
*Simpleton drinks, 'till she empties the Bowl.*

A I R XXI. Fie, let's awa to the Bridal.

*What silly Creature's a Husband,*

*Who forces his Logger-head,*

*In Politicks to be dabbling,*

*When he shou'd be lirting a Bed!*

*If I were the Wife of such Noodle,*

*And he wou'd curtail my Sport,*

*I'd send for another, and to him*

*Wou'd soon surrender the Fort.*

*Why shou'd a Woman be cheated,*

*Of what is her lawful Claim?*

*Why shou'd her Husband refuse her,*

*When she does desire — That Same?*

*'Tis Prudence surely to grant it,*

*Which no Body can deny;*

*But where's the Policy, tell me,*

*When Booby will not comply.*

*Lucy*, where am I? My Head is extreamly gid-  
dy; I am seiz'd with a *Megrim*, and must go  
to my Bed.

*Lu.* 'Tis a bad Distemper, and most of the  
Court-Ladies are troubled with it. — This is  
the Effect of drinking hot Punch in a Morning.

[*Aside*]

[*Exit Mrs. Simpleton, leaning upon Lucy.*]

SCENE,

SCENE, *A Room in Sir Simon's House.*

*Sir Simon alone.*

*Sir Sim.* To be deserted by my Friends, in whom I placed my greatest Confidence; to be compell'd to drop my Scheme, to see my Hopes abortive prove, blasted and wither'd when coming to Maturity; these, these Disappointments are more than Flesh and Blood can bear: They gall my very Soul. Shall I, who stood in Opposition to the general Voice of the People, tamely submit and acquiesce thro' Fear? Shall I, who menaced them, yield to their Threats, and stand in Awe of STURDY-BEGGARS? Yes; my Ambition and aspiring Mind now grovels on the Earth, and I shall be made a publick Laughing-stock: So Fate decrees, and Fate will be obey'd.

AIR XXII. 'Twas when the Seas was roaring.

*O, what have I been doing?*

*Who once was flush'd with Joy!*

*I now have caus'd my Ruin,*

*Such Thoughts my Rest destroy.*

*No Comfort now is left me,*

*No Friendly kind Relief;*

*My Foes of Hope bereft me,*

*And I shall die with Grief.*

*Enter Scammony.*

*Scam.* A good Morning to your Honour, I come to know your Commands, and condole with you in the Miscarriage of your Scheme.

I

*Sir Sim.*

Sir *Sim.* I have Reason to curse the Hour, *Scammony*, I received it from your Hands. How am I fallen ! from the Pinnacle of Glory, to the Contempt of the Vulgar. They, who ador'd me the other Day, and worship'd me as a God, wou'd now spurn me to the Ground, and make a Devil of me, if I were in their Power. How do the Citizens behave themselves ?

*Scam.* With Joy not to be parallel'd in History. — Last Night they illuminated their Windows, Bon-fires blazed in every Street, Oceans of Beer were given to the Populace, whose Numbers were infinite. But this is not all: Effigies were burnt in several Parts of the City, and in one Place they had the Figure of a Lusty, Portly Man, dress'd in a handsome Cloth-suit with Gold Buttons, and a slip of blue Paper, in Breadth about four Inches, which cross'd his Right-shoulder, and reach'd to his Left-side ; this Image they committed to the Flames, with loud *Huzza's*, and one of the Rabble, resembling a Devil, with a long Prang, heap'd burning Faggots upon it, whilst the Mob, with repeated Acclamations, approv'd the Action.

Sir *Sim.* Death and Confusion ! Such Insolence is not to be borne. — Why did you not find a Constable, and order him to read the Proclamation ?

*Scam.* I spoke to several, but not one of them wou'd come ; I tempted 'em with Gold, they shook their Heads, and laugh'd at me.

Sir *Sim.* Why did you not go to Alderman *Sugar-Cane*, he would have been glad of having an Opportunity to oblige me. — But since you know where those reculant Constables live, enquire their Names, and return 'em to me ; they shall feel the Weight of my Authority. — Spare  
no



no Cost in discovering some of the Rioters ; if they are apprehended, my Lawyers shall strive hard to prove 'em guilty of Treason, and then they shall find no Mercy. *Plebeans ! Scoundrels ! Villains !* How dare they treat a Man of my Rank and Dignity with such Ignominy and Contempt ?

*Scam.* I will use my utmost Endeavours, and will be indefatigably diligent in the Execution of your Honour's Orders. [Exit.

Sir Sim. O! Father, Father, well do I remember what your venerable Ghost foretold; had I listen'd to the Caution that you gave me, I shou'd have still preserv'd my Credit: But, oh! 'tis lost, for ever lost, not by the Power of Man to be retrieved.

A I R XXIII. I am a poor Shepherd undone.

*How wretched, alas, is my Case !*

*For ever despis'd and forlorn ;*

*My Portion is now foul Disgrace,*

*I wish I had never been born.*

*My Folly too late I behold,*

*Too late I my Scheme do bewail;*

*I thought to raise Mountains of Gold,*

*But therein I find I do fail.*

*And, alas, poor Project !*

*Alas, and well-a-Day !*

*I see — With Grief of Heart,*

*I see that you must decay.*

*Enter Mr. Simpleton.*

*Simp.* Well, Brother, what Opinion have you of your Project now? I prophecy'd how it  
l 2    won'd

wou'd be ; but you laugh'd at my Prediction, and call'd me Fool, Blockhead, and a Thousand such Names. Tho' you esteem'd yourself the sagest Politician, of the Age, you now wish (I believe) that you had taken my Council.—All the World will make a Jest of you !

Sir Sim. I shall make something else of you, if you continue your Impertinence ; how dare you presume to talk so insolently to a Person of my Quality ? I wou'd cane you into good Manners if thou hadst not an impenetrable Scull. You know what Usage you deserv'd for your Male-behaviour abroad, when I sent you on an Errant of Importance.

Simp. You send me ? No, no, your Betters sent me ; I never was your Lackey.—The bear mention of the Word Quality is as haughty in you, as my Brother *Wronghead's* Gait is in him ; however, I will do you the Justice to say you have many Qualities, but I do not know one that is worth — One Thing I'll tel you, as you threaten'd to cane me, which perhaps may be the best Quality you have, if you offer to lift up your Hand, I will spurn you to the Ground.

Sir Sim. Insulting Rascal ! I can refrain no longer. [Simp. lays by his Sword, Hat, and Peruke, and as Sir Sim. offers to kick him, he catches hold of his Leg, throws him down, and puts his Knee upon his Breast.]

Simp. Now, Sir, what do you deserve ? I have you in my Power, but scorn to punish you according to your Demerit. There will come a Day of Reckoning, and, as I believe, you cannot make up your Account, I hope to see you reduced to your primitive Nothing.

*Enter*

*Enter 'Squire Wronghead, with one Hand in his Pocket, the other holding up his Breeches behind, he runs and parts 'em.*

*Wrong.* What, in the Name of Wonder, is all this? What cou'd provoke you to be guilty of such an Out-rage, Brother *Simpleton*?

*Simp.* He, who has provoked the whole Kingdom by his Blunders and Projects, has given me Provocation to use him worse than I have done.

*Sir Sim.* Henceforth, Sirrah, I discard you, and from this Hour renounce all further Acquaintance and Conversation with you.

*Simp.* Agreed: And I heartily wish that you may meet with that Punishment, which the Sword of Justice, that hangs over your Head with a single Hair, is ready to inflict upon you.

A I R XXIV. Of a Noble Race was *Shinkin*.

*An injur'd People surely,  
For Justice may Petition;  
But if deny'd, thro' saucy Pride,  
How wretched's their Condition?*

*An Up-start in Preferment,  
May hope to save his Bacon;  
But when Disgrace shall be his Case,  
He then will be forsaken.*

*His Friends will all insult him,  
And no Man shew Compassion;  
And when he's hurl'd out of the World,  
His Death will please the Nation.*

[Exit *Simpleton*.]

*Wrong.*



*Wrong.* For Heaven's sake, Sir *Simon*, what Provocation did you give my Brother *Simpleton*, to make him treat you in such a Manner?

*Sir Sim.* As soon as he enter'd the Room, he began to upbraid on account of the Ill-success of my Project, and using opprobrious Language, proceeded to such a Length of Insolence, that I told him, if he persisted in it, I would beat him into good Manners, provided he was capable to receive them. He then grew more scurrilous, upon which I rose up, and offer'd to kick him; he catch'd me by the Leg, I fell down, and you saw what followed.

*Wrong.* With your Leave, Sir *Simon*, I think you were in the Wrong, to mention a Thing impossible to be done; if he had good Manners, they might have been beaten out of him with ease, but not into him, for that would be to roll *Sisyphus's* Stone.

*Sir Sim.* Find him out, catechise him, and (if possible) make him sensible of his Error: Then return to me.

*Wrong.* I will speak to my Wife, and give her Directions, she is the properest Person to take him to Task. [*Exeunt severally.*]

# SCENE, A Chamber.

*Mrs. Simpleton at her Toilet, Lucy attending her.*

*Lu.* Lud! Madam, you look more beautiful than an Angel, and your Breath is sweeter than *Arabian* Spices. — Fough! she has a Scent that is more odious than a Pole-Cat, and looks like a *Drury-Lane* Bawd. [*Aside.*] I forgot to tell you, Madam, that I have bought some of the *Dutchess of Puddle-Dock's* beautifying Wash, and

and some true *Portugal-Dishes* ; but I find they are needlēs, for you don't want Art to set you off.

Mrs. *Simp.* Let me try 'em however ; I know that her Grace of *Puddle-dock* has received great Benefit by the Wash ; bring 'em to me. [*Exit Lucy.*] — I love this Girl, because she speaks her Mind freely ; I cannot bear Flattery.

*Enter Lucy.*

Let me see 'em, I long to make an Experiment. [*She washes her Face*] I protest it is the most excellent Thing for the Complexion, that ever was invented ; what an Alteration it has made in my Face already ! Do you hear me, *Lucy*, let me have a Dozen Quarts of this Wash ; I will not be without a large Quantity of it by me. What Cloaths have you brought me ? — O fye, I have worn 'em three or four times already ; the World will think I have not another Suit, if I should wear 'em any more. They fall to your Lot, pr'ythee take 'em out of my Sight.

*Lu.* I humbly thank your Ladyship, and your Commands shall be obey'd. — This is the Third Suit I have had in the space of six Weeks, and if I have the like good Fortune for a Twelve-Month, I shall have Money enough to purchase a Husband. [*Exit Lucy.*]

Mrs. *Simp.* Now for a Tryal of the *Portugal-Dish*. — So, methinks, I look with the Bloom of a Maid at Sixteen. If I were a Man I should certainly fall in Love with such a Face as mine, but if I can secure my *Dorimont* I desire no more.

*Enter*

*Enter Lucy.*

*Lucy.* Madam, here is a Letter which I received in one brought by a Porter to me. I gave him a Shilling, Madam.

*Mrs. Simp.* Place it to my Account, and bring in your Bill, that I may discharge it.—I know the Hand, now *Venus* send me good Tidings.  
[*She opens the Letter, and reads it.*]

Dear Angel,

**T**HINK what Torments I have suffer'd, having been Three Days deprived of your Company; they seem Three Hundred Years to me, who can have no Satisfaction or Pleasure without you. I will fly with the Wings of Love to revel in thy Arms, where I find so much Comfort, and such a generous Reception.

DORIMONT.

This Letter comes from my dear *Dorimont*; *Dorimont* is the Word, *Lucy*; get my lac'd Smock ready, and my Brocade Suit, I'll dress me like a Queen, and appear with Splendor.—I will follow you.  
[*Exit Lucy.*]

A I R XXV. Good Lord Frog.

*I rage and burn with strong Desire,  
Crockledum hi, Crockledum ho,  
But soon shall quench the raging Fire,  
Cocky may Cany She.  
With Dorimont I'll sport and play,  
And pass an Hour or two away,  
Buxom, jolly, blithe and gay,  
Tweedledum, tweedle twee.*



*If my good Man does go from Home,  
Crockledum, &c.*

*If he from Place to Place will roam,  
Cocky may Cany He.*

*Then say, good Folks, whose is the Shame,  
And tell, who does deserve the Blame,*

*If I his Honour then do main,  
Tweedledum, tweedle, twee.*

Now for a clear Stage, and no Favour, I'll fight  
the *Weapons backward*, and *Three Bouts* at *Quarter-staff*, will entitle me to the Appellation of  
the *British Champions*. [Ex.]

S C E N E, *A Room in Squire Wronghead's  
House.*

*Enter Mrs. Wronghead, follow'd by Fainwell.*

*Mrs. Wrong.* My dear *Fainwell*, this unexpected Visit is the more agreeable, as it was unexpected; but I must own you always find out one pretty Way or another to amuse or surprise me in the handsomest manner.

*Fain.* Madam, I deserve to be branded with Ingratitude, if I did not make it my Business by Night and Day to please, and render myself acceptable to my kind Benefactress; and tho' this is but a poor Return for the Favours you have shewn me, yet I hope it will be accepted as an Acknowledgment of the Debt I owe you.

*Mrs. Wrong.* you are very complaisant, *Fainwell*, but the Debt you mention, has been discharged with Interest, and as you are punctual in your Payments, you may have fresh Credit when you please to ask it.

K

*Fain.*

*Fain.* I am infinitely oblig'd to you, Madam ; I find you Goodness is like an inexhaustible Spring.

*Mrs. Wrong.* I will not ask you what Condition your Purse is in ; but Precaution is necessary, therefore use this as a Specifick to repel a Consumption ; 'Tis a Golden Cordial, an infallible Elixir. [*Gives him a Purse.*] — Death ! I hear my Husband ! — This is the Key of the Garden-Door, be as expeditious, as if you were flying to my Arms. [*Exit Fainwell.*] I'll go and meet my awkerd Noodle, and am resolved to thwart him in every Thing he says, be it right or wrong. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E, *A Dining-Room.*

*Enter Mrs. Simpleton.*

*Mrs. Simp.* Now I am ready to receive my lovely *Dorimont* in my eager Arms — What wou'd I give, if he were here this Moment ?

*Enter Dorimont and Lucy.*

*Lu.* Madam, Mr. *Dorimont* entreats your Ladyship to permit him to prostrate himself before you.

*Mrs. Simp.* To your Duty, my Girl ; and at the first Approach of the Enemy, give the Signal. [*Exit Lucy.*] My dear *Dorimont* ! thus let me hold thee to my panting Heart, and die with Transport in thy Arms ! [*She embraces him.*]

*Dor.* A Lover's Death is pleasant, but so much Time has been elapsed, since I had the Honour, and indeed the Happiness of dying with you, that I have forgot the Nature of that Death, if it were possible to erase that beautiful Image from my Mind.

*Enter*

*Enter Lucy.*

*Lu.* Madam, Madam, the Enemy advances to the Gate!

*Mrs. Simp.* Here, *Dorimont*, accept this Trifle; [*Gives him a Purse.*] and let me see you at Six this Evening.—Follow *Lucy*, she will conduct you. [*Exeunt Dorimont and Lucy.*] Curse on my Booby's unseasonable Approach! the most disobliging thing a Husband can do, is to interrupt his Wife in her Amour.

A I R XXVI. When *Sawney* first did, &c.

*When once a Woman's Passion  
Is rais'd by gentle Love,  
She hopes her Expectation  
Will not abortive prove:  
But if she be preve'ted,  
By some uncivil Swain,  
She will not be contented,  
'Till 'tis renew'd again:*

*And when she meets her Lover,  
Her Heart goes pit-a-pat;  
Her Eyes do plain discover  
What 'tis she wou'd be at:  
She's then all o'er Desire,  
Which he with Rapture sees,  
He strives to quench her Fire,  
But quenches by Degrees.*

*Enter Mr. Simpleton.*

*Simp.* A good Morning to you, my Dear; I come to Breakfast with you.

*Mrs. Simp.* With me!—I am going abroad to take the Air, and have order'd the Chariot to meet me at the Back-Door.—I thought you had been gone to Sir *Simon's*?



*Simp.* I have been there, but he treated me with so much Ill-manners! — Wou'd you believe it? — He —

*Mrs. Simp.* Pr'ythee, don't trouble me with a *Carterbury Tale* of a *Cock and a Bull*. — My Chariot waits. [Exit *Mrs. Simpleton*.]

*Simp.* Who, in the Devil's Name, wou'd be troubled with a Wife? [Exit.]

S C E N E, *A Parlour.*

*Mrs. Wronghead*, follow'd by her Husband.

*Mrs. Wrong.* Pray *Mr. Wronghead*, don't pretend to instruct me, I shall act as I think proper. — I am persuaded my Brother wou'd not have mal-treated Sir *Simon*, as you call it, except he had a sufficient Cause for doing it; therefore speak no more to me about it.

*Wrong.* But, my Dear, I hope you will give Credit to what I have said, and yet I told you no more than what I beheld with my own Eyes, and he related to me. Therefore I desire you will comply with my Request, which you must own is a very reasonable one.

*Mrs. Wrong.* For Heaven's sake, *Mr. Wronghead*, think before you speak. — You say you beheld it with your own Eyes; a very polite Expression truly; ha, ha, ha!

*Wrong.* My Dear, I submit; but in my Opinion your Brother ought to have shewn some Respect, if it were only on account of our Family.

*Mrs. Wrong.* Family! What is your Family? a Mushroom of a Night's Growth, if compared to mine — The Heralds can declare our Antiquity, and we lived in Peace and Plenty for many hundred Years, till we fled for the sake of our Religion. *Wrong.*

*Wrong.* This is the common Cant of *Refugees*, when the principal Motive of their coming hither is good Beef and Pudding.

*Mrs. Wrong.* You shall find that some of 'em came here to chastise your Impudence. [*She pulls off his Hat and Wig, and cuffs him.*]

*Wrong.* I profess, my Dear, I did not intend to include you in the Number; I ask your Pardon.—I have another Request, which is to provide a handsome Entertainment for some Friends to Day, whom I have invited.

*Mrs. Wrong.* If they will accept a Family-dinner, they shall be welcome; I shall make no other Preparation. Do you think to squander away my Fortune in entertaining your Friends? I will put a stop to your Profuseness. Follow me, and produce your Account, that I may know how you disposed of the last Money I gave you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *A Street.* *Lovemore and Friendly meet.*

*Friend.* Whither in such a Hurry, *Lovemore*?

*Love.* I am returning from a Brace of Does. [*Shews two Purses.*] Here are demonstrable Proofs.

*Friend.* I need not ask you whether you have had good Sport this Morning, your Success convinces me.

*Love.* I have had good Luck, but no Sport; I intended to have hunted in other Gentlemens Parks, but the Rangers prevented me.—I will let you into a Secret when we get to my House. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *A Room in Sir Simon's House.* *Sir Simon in a melancholy Posture.*

*Enter a Servant, with a Letter and a Bundle.*

*Serv.* This, Sir, came by the Penny-Post, who was caution'd to take Care of it.

*Sir Sim.* Lay it upon the Table. [*Exit Serv.*] It must surely be a Matter of great Concern. [*Reads.*] *Sir Simon, The Bundle, which I send you herewith, was put into my Hands Yesterday, with other Papers, which I think proper to preserve, because they may hereafter be of Use to the Nation.*

*Yours, &c.*

*Anonimus.*

*What*

What the Devil can this mean? — Let me see — [*He opens the Bundle.*] Hell and Furies! these are my Securities, and these my Bank-notes? But where are my Papers, that relate to my Correspondence and Transactions Abroad? I have been robb'd, cheated, and am undone. 'Ood's, if my Papers fall into the Hands of my Enemies, I am ruin'd for ever. What can be done? Ha! a lucky Thought has come into my Head, I will go to the *Cunning Man*, where there is one hard by who performs Miracles. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, A Conjuring-Room.

*Enter Lovemore and Friendly.*

*Friend.* How long, dear *Lovemore*, have you led this Course of Life? 'tis strange that a Person of your Education could not find no better Employment.

*Love.* A Conjuror has more Advantages than you imagine; he can recommend himself to the good Graces of the Fair Sex, and not be obliged to discover himself. I have no less than three Intrigues upon my Hands at this Time, and I take upon me three different Names. [*A Bell rings.*] That Bell is the Signal to acquaint me, that there is a Male Client in the Parlour. I must to my Peep-hole, and take a View of him. [*Exit.*]

*Friend.* To what an unhappy State of Life has this Gentleman reduc'd himself! [*Enter Love. Laughing.*] Well, my Friend, what News?

*Love.* News, that will surprize you. Who do you think is come to consult me? no less a Person than *Sir Simon* in Disguise.

*Friend.* Pr'ythee, *Jack*, let me play the Conjuror's Part; I have a particular Reason for making the Request.

*Love.* I grant it. [*Love. puts the Conjuror's Gown and Cap on Friend. lays the Wand before him, and places him in a Chair, then Exit.*]

*Enter Sir Simon.*

*Friend.* Sir, be seated: You need not give yourself the Trouble of telling me your Business; I know it already.

*Sir Simon.* Nay, then he must deal with the Devil, that's certain. [*Aside.*]

*Friend.* [*Looking on a Book.*] You have been robb'd of Papers of great Moment to you; [*Sir Simon starts*] some have been return'd to you, but you must not expect to see the rest.

*Sir Simon.* Oh! Oh! [*Groaning*] Can you tell me who was the Thief?

*Friend.*



*Friend.* The Person who has injur'd you, has been ~~seen~~ in your House, but you will never see him there again. — Now, ask no farther Questions; but if you require a further Information, my Spirits shall attend you.

*Sir Simon.* With all my Heart.

*Friend.* Now, Sir, you are on Hollow'd Ground. [*He makes a Circle round Sir Simon*] keep within this Circle and you are safe.

A I R XXVII.

Thus I seize my Magick Wand,  
Thrice I wave with my Hand —  
Fiends of Darknes, quick arise,  
Quick as Lightning from the Skies.

*Mago, Creo,*

*Ariel, Beo,*

When I speak, you must obey,  
Friends of Darknes, come away.

[*Enter Four Devils, who dance before Sir Simon; each holds a Paper before him by Turns. On the First is written, The Scheme; on the Second, Salt; on the Third, Tea and Coffee; and on the Fourth, Taxes.*]

*Sir Sim.* Good Mr. Conjuror, send away your Devils. [*He waves his Wand, and they go out, shrieking.*] Here is a Gratification for your Trouble; but if you catch me here again, you shall make me one of your Devils. [*Exit.*

*Enter Lovemore.*

*Love.* Ha, ha, ha! You have play'd the Conjuror to some Purpose. — Who cou'd imagine that *Sir Simon* had been so credulous?

*Friend.* Fear will make People do strange Things. — This Money belongs to you. [*He throws off his Disguise.*] I am obliged to meet a Friend immediately. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E, A Room in *Sir William Steddy's* House.

*Enter Lady Steddy and Lord Wiseman.*

*Lady Sted.* My Lord, we are obliged to your Lordship for the Honour of your good Company; *Sir William* will wait upon you presently. How shall we pass the Time away till Dinner? Your Lordship is a Son of the *Muses*,  
and

and I will take it as a great Favour, if you will sing me one of your Airs.

*Lord Wise.* Madam, when Beauty commands, we all obey.

**AIR XXVIII.** See, see, my *Seraphina*, &c.

*When sprightly Wit and Beauty join,  
With Cælia's princely Air,  
Whose brilliant Eyes with Lustre shine,  
As killing, as she's fair;  
We love — but love, alas, in vain,  
We gaze, tho' sure of Death;  
We bless you, Cælia, midst our Pain,  
And with our latest Breath.*

*Lady Sted.* I humbly thank your Lordship for your Complement, and will endeavour to return it.

**AIR XXIX.** Wou'd you have a Young Virgin.

*Beauty's a Flow'r that looks lively and gay,  
It blooms in the Morn, and at Night does decay;  
But Judgment profound, and a Wit that's polite;  
Stand the Heat of the Day, and the Mists of the Night.  
How happy is Strephon, in whom these are found?  
How happy are you then in whom they abound?  
Kissing,  
Caresing,  
And Courting,  
And Sporting,  
With kind loving Nymphs, till your Wishes are crown'd.*

*Enter Sir William.*

*Sir Will.* My Lord, I am your Lordship's most obedient Servant; I humbly ask Pardon for not waiting on your Lordship sooner.

*Enter Friendly.*

*Friend.* Ha, ha, ha! I shall certainly burst my Sides with Laughing: Such a Scene no Mortal e'er beheld.

*Lady Sted.* What was it, Mr. Friendly, you must communicate, that we may have the Opportunity of Laughing in our Turns.

*Friend.* I have been playing the Conjuror, and who do you think came to enquire after what he had lost, but Sir Simon.

*All.* How! [A Bell rings.]

*Sir Will.* Dinner is on the Table; this Story will give us some Diversion when the Cloth's remov'd. [Exeunt.]

F I N I S.

